The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1918.

THE C.-IN-C.'S REPORT

General Pershing's preliminary report to the Secretary of War, the first half of which is printed in this week's issue of this paper, is more than a brief summary of American military activity in the war. It is concise history of the A.E.F. and it is highly interesting soldier reading because it removes the secrecy which necessarily surrounded much of our work, divulges the general system and scheme of our operations, discloses the why and wherefore of many things we have not completely understood, and tells us a lot more about ourselves and what we have done than we have known before.

The description of the Service of Supply, the foundation upon which the whole A.E.F. rests, its organization and its working during the important months of the summer and fall, when it was not only necessary to move vast bodies of troops forward, but to supply also a man-sized army doing very active service on the front, proves that it has given a faithful account of its stewardship.

The report contains a multitude of facts concerning not only our own Army, but the Allied Armies as a whole, and of the co-operation of the Govern Governments with which we were allied. It is interesting to know, for instance, that of the slightly over 4,000 airplanes used by the American Army in France, 2,676 were supplied to us by the French.

TWO FRIENDS OF FRANCE

In these days when the President of the United States is hailed on all sides as the great friend of France, accorded one of the memorable ovations of history, and has conferred on him by acclamation the full rights of a citizen of France's proud capital, it is good for us Americans to hark back in memory 140 years and recall at this festive time the first American friend of France, by name Benjamin Franklin.

He it was who made his way, clad in the garb of democratic simplicity, to the court of Louis XVI at Versailles, and there, by dint of the homespun common sense of his arguments, his homely, ready wit and the sincerity of his zeal for liberty, induced the monarch to lend to the thirteen colonies the wherewithal to keep their struggle alive. Later, he was the determining factor in the dispatching of the expeditionary force of Comte de Rochambeau and the fleet of Comte de Grasse, which clinched the outcome of the War of the Revolution. Finally, it was he who played the greatest part in the framing of the Treaty of Versailles, guaranteeing to the infant republic on the Atlantic seaboard the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" claimed for all men by that other staunch friend of France, Thomas Jefferson.

But Franklin did even more than that. By precept and example he proved to the forward-looking but then hesitant French democratic leaders that democracy could and would pay. His silent part in paving the way for the downfall of the Bourbons and the triumph of republican principles has never been forgotten by France. That is why the proudest cities of this land have thoroughfares that bear the name of Franklin, even as there is hardly one of them today that does not have its Place, its Pont, its Avenue, or its Rue de President Wilson. What our President is to the France of the twentieth century, Franklin was to the France of the eighteenth century—an apostle of the freedom which is peculiarly the product and the pride of the New World.

"Old Ben," the frugal and sagacious printer-man of Boston town and Philadelphia—co-founder of the great republic which we serve and abettor in the foundation of the great republic which is France—would have rejoiced in every fiber of his sturdy old soul could he have been with us this past stirring week. We may be assured that he was—and is—with us in spirit, glorying in the realization that his two great twin dreams have come true, and for all time.

VETERANS—NOT YET

The war isn't over yet, but already the call of the veterans' associations is being heard in the States. From the latest news sweeping across the ocean it appears that several of these organizations are in a more or less nebulous state, and one has so far crystalized as to apear in print with an advertisement for members.

This particular organization offers membership to "veterans of the world war, commissioned officers and enlisted persons (men and women) now in active service, or who have served honorably at any time in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps." A membership-at-large is advocated for $2.50, including "official badge, button and certificate of membership."

The plan and principles of this organization may be above criticism. The plan and principles of the others may be above criticism. But if we have more than one veterans' association for the members of the A.E.F. there is the danger, almost the certainty, of complexities and conflicts. Precluding a thorough examination of the merits of any or all of them is the fact that we are several thousand miles and several months from the U.S.A., and common caution demands a stop, look and listen attitude.

It would be ideal if the impulse for an organization to succeed the A.E.F. should come at the proper time—which is after peace is signed and we really become veterans—from within instead of from without. If the promotion does have to come from the outside, however, the promoters certainly owe it to the A.E.F. to withhold operations until we have a sufficient number of world war veterans back in the States to constitute an adequate representation.

MARINE AND DOUGHBOY

No other incident in the annals of A.E.F. fighting attracted so much attention as Château-Thierry. It was "big news" in the States because it was the first time we met and beat the Boche on a grand scale. It was "big news" over here for the same reason, and had an added significance because it produced numberless internal debates in the A.E.F. centering around the question, "Who gets the credit for stopping the Germans?"

The Marines became big headliners in the papers at home. The 9th and 23rd Infantry, who had fought at their side, did not get an equal amount of publicity because the censorship rules (in now unquestioned wisdom) forbade mention of all military units by number. And fighting beside the 2nd Division was the 3rd which, so far as the first chalking up of credit was concerned, figured that it had got the worst of it all around. It was a situation entirely superficial in its effect. The most it did was provide a subject for inexhaustible billet and trench debate among the units concerned.

Now the whole truth is out. The Army has the full account of Château-Thierry as printed in last week's issue of this paper, the second of a series of officially authenticated articles on American battles of the war. It is the first complete and detailed account of Château-Thierry printed anywhere. After reading it we find final judgment is simple. The 9th and 23rd Infantry, the 5th and 6th Marines and the Infantry units of the 3rd Division played equally important, equally gallant and equally difficult parts. These eight regiments, with the other units of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions, stopped the Boche at Château-Thierry.

The prowess of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions never will be appropriately chronicled in print—because it can't be done. And the same is true in varying degrees of a couple of dozen or more other divisions of the A.E.F. But so far as questions of who did what in this war are concerned, the series now being printed will go a long way toward clearing up some mooted question now under debate.

CHRISTMAS THEN AND NOW

It is a far cry from the approaching Christmas back to the one which, in 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers anticipated when they landed, hard by Plymouth Rock, just 298 years ago today. Then, cold, numbed and scantily rationed, the founders of the America-to-be had naught but a hope to cheer them on, and their faith in that hope's fulfillment. Now, their descendants see already before them that hope almost fulfilled; they have all but touched the goal of the ages.

Freedom and peace that Christmas of 1620 spelled to those hardy pioneers. Freedom and peace the Christmos of 1918 spells to the Americans of today, for the past week has witnessed the opening of conferences richer in promise to the freedom-and-peace-loving nations of the world than any ever held before. It seems now that at last those principles of government which the stern old Bradfords and Brewsters, Chapins, Aldens and Standishes swore and subscribed to in that memorable meeting in the cabin of the Mayflower are to be given a broader application and interpretation, to make their influence for peaceful and righteous living felt in the four corners of the earth. It is, verily, a prospect for all Americans to contemplate with modest satisfaction.

The little band of 1620 sought freedom for itself by fleeing from tyranny. The great army of 1918 has found freedom for itself and all the world by combating tyranny on its own ground, and laying it low. The liberty which, in the words of Milton, stood

> On tiptoe in this land
> Ready to cross to the American strand

has crossed again to the European strand, there to make its influence felt in the reshaping of a new world—not the New World alone, to which the Pilgrims sailed, but a world in which there shall be no wars, or rumors of wars, in which all shall be righteousness and fair dealing and peace forevermore.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

On the same principle, presumably, that the best Italian opera performances are staged in New York, the best renditions of the American National Anthem are played by foreign bands. If there is a band in the A.E.F. that plays The Stars Spangled Banner" without omitting the third and fourth lines—that is, the music accompanying

> Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous night
> O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming

—we have yet to hear of it.

The omission makes it impossible to follow the tune with the words. It destroys the balance of the piece completely. In short, it Hooverizes without mercy one of the most un-Hooverizable possesions of the American people.

Last Friday, at Brest, a French marine band saluted the President at the landing pier with "The Star Spangled Banner," played as it ought to be played, with no emasculation. At the railroad station an A.E.F. band saluted the President with the curtailed version. Somehow or other it didn't seem right, on an historic occasion of that kind, to have any jarring note, or, rather, omission of notes, creep into the day's proceedings. Yet, so it happened.

A.E.F. bands can play "La Marseillaise" and "God Save the King" with the best of their Allied contemporaries. The more ambitious of them can put out a very creditable "Hymn Garibaldi" and "La Brabanconne." But not a one of them, within the hearing of any one we have talked to about it, can play its own National Anthem as it was written to be played.

What's the answer? Or is there any?

The Army's Poets

THE CHRISTMAS CALL

Far above the crash of conflict, ere the star
  shells flecked the morning,
And we answered with defiance for the cause
  we love and know,
In our memory crept a picture of a day long
  since forgotten.
And we thought of Grandma's turkey, and
  the Christmas tree, and snow.

We have slogged along the highways, we have
  heard adventure calling;
We have banished dreams of comfort as we
  toyed with Fate each day;
Still across the red horizon, as the cold, gray
  dusk is falling,
Stalks a vision of our kid days, and of
  Santa and his sleigh.

Corp. Howard A. Herty, Inf.

TO THE GIRL OVER THERE

Let the glasses be filled
With the rich sparkling wine,
The blood of the grape
And the soul of the vine,
And quaff a rich draught
Of the nectar divine
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

I would travel afoot,
Weary mile upon mile,
If the end of the road
Would but lead me erewhile
To the land of my dreams
In the light of her smile—
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Though far, far away,
Still inspired by Love's ties,
There is gleaming tonight,
In the depths of her eyes,
The bright Light o' Love
That for me never dies—
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Ah, much would I give
For a glimpse of her face;
But better by far,
Would but Fate have the grace,
Were a lingering kiss
In a lasting embrace—
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Though the sea rolls between,
My heart still is light,
For the bright Star o' Love
Can but lead me aright
To the Garden of Love,
But a vision tonight—
  To the fairest of fair,
  To the girl over there,
A toast in the vin rouge of France.

Corp. Vance C. Criss, Engrs.

THE STEVEDORES

Heave, ho! Heave, ho!
Come on, let's go, in spite of mud and snow;
Give us the cars, we'll put the go
  In cargo.

Bring on the ships, both small and great,
We'll work 'em early, work 'em late,
For we're the men who lift the freight
  Embargo.

Though cases drop, though tackle break,
The sky may fall, the earth may quake,
But one and all they fail to shake
  Our fettle.

And sun, and earth, and sea, and sky,
We face them all, and all defy,
For all, at worst, but serve to try
  Our mettle.

At heavy lift, at winch and crane,
We do our task with might and main,
We bend our backs, and sweat and strain
  Like cattle;

Through summer's sun, through winter's rain,
In cold, discomfort, ache, or pain,
We play our part, and help to gain
  The battle.

E. B. H.

THE LITTLE WOODEN CROSSES

The little wooden crosses
  Upon a rocky hill,
There where the autumn leaves drift down,
  And all is strangely still.
The old, old church that broods o'er them,
  Has seen no fairer sight
In all the years that there who gave
  Their youth, and life, and light,
To sleep beneath the wooden cross:
  Yet sweet their rest must be,
Who made themselves a sacrifice,
  That all men might be free.

The pain shall be to those who wait
  'Cross ocean mist and foam,
Who'll miss their face among the ranks
  When soldier boys come home.
But this shall be their recompense,
  To lift the cross they bear;
These were the gift a nation gave,
  An offering and a prayer.
And long as mortal tongues shall live,
  Until the world grows old,
New beauty and new glory
  Their memory shall enfold.

Nell Grayson Taylor, U.S.A.N.C.

AT TWILIGHT

SHE

I sit here in the garden, dear, and watch the
  fountain play,
And ask each little ripple to bear my thoughts
  away
To you, somewhere in France.

The whippoorwill is calling through the jasmine to its mate,
As my heart is calling yours and praying,
  dear, to fate,
To guard you, somewhere in France.

And evenings just at twilight, as all other
  love-mates do,
My soul takes wing, flies abroad, and rests,
  dear heart, with you,
Somewhere in France.

HE

I'm sitting in my dugout, dear, and waiting
  for my chow—
I think they'll get it through tonight—the
  Boche is quiet now,
Somewhere in France.

We gave 'em beaucoup shells today, we'll give
  'em gas tonight,
And I'm oiling up my rifle to carry on the
  fight,
Somewhere in France.

But through all this great adventure, at twilight every eve,
My heart pleads guilty to the charge of "Absent without leave"
Somewhere in France.

Sgt. Frank C. McCarthy, Aero Squadron.

AN INCIDENT

Lanes of barracks,
Gray-white and rain-drenched,
Where ambulances,
Sag-end and mud-slathered,
Slosh their way past soldiers.
Venturing new health,
And the faded green band stand—
An island in a sea of cement.

Through the propped shutter
Of the information shack,
An orderly's voice saying:
"You wanted the dope of Sergeant Canfield?
He died this morning at seven-thirty."

Lt. John Pierre Roche, Q.M.C.

THE SONG OF THE MANDOLIN

We linger a while in the twilight
As the breezes westward go,
Chording a song, a long sweet song,
That floats through the elms—along—is gone
To the heart of the girl I know.

Play sweetly—sing—my mandolin,
She hears in the twilight our song begins;
The west wind blows—she, loving, knows
The longing I'm songing at evening's close.

The mother waits for our melody
On the evening winds from over the sea;
To the home in the hills the music thrills,
Gently whispering, stills and fills
The heart of the mother I know.

Play, sweetly—sing—my mandolin,
She hears in the twilight our song begin;
The west wind blows—she, loving, knows
The longing I'm songing at evening's close.

Melvin Ryder.

THE REALLY HOMESICK

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM THE A.E.F. TO AMERICA

The Rhineland, Christmas, 1918.

Dear America:

Your sons are coming home. The task you set before them is nearly done, and now, day by day, week by week, month by month, your ships are bringing us home.

If we have done well, it was for love of you. Dimly we understood that we had been sent forth to slay something which, if it throve unchecked, would one day reach out across the seas and destroy you. Very clearly we understood that by ourselves would you be judged among the free peoples; that the hour had struck for us to show mankind the mettle of our pasture. And believe this—there was not one of us who did not walk a little straighter, live a little cleaner, work a little better, fight a little harder on that account. "Mammy," a Stevedore wrote in his Mothers' Day Letter last spring, "I want folks to see your raising in me." America, it was so with every one of us. We wanted all the world to see your raising in us.

And this is written just to tell you that those ships will bring back more than 2,000,000 men, every one a better citizen than when we sailed away.

Better citizens, because we know each other better. Rich and poor, high and low, rough and polished, East and West, North and South—the war has mixed us all together. Alabama and Iowa have joined to form a single brigade, and what a brigade! Oregon has fought shoulder to shoulder with New York and means more to New York than ever she meant—than ever she could have meant—before.

Better citizens because many of us—almost a million of us—have, for a time, dwelt in that community spirit which nowhere in this workaday world is quite so animate as it was in that strange, simple country which was called the front.

Above all, better citizens because you, America, mean more to us than ever before. For one thing, we have had to learn what it is to do without you. Some for a little while, others for interminable months, we have been obliged to do without you. Of course, the whole A.E.F.—though we have tried to hide it in our letters—has been as abysmally homesick as the most jealous mother could have wished. But surely that was no bad thing.

Then, too, we have seen such shining things done in your name. We who were at Château-Thierry and northwest of Verdun have seen men in olive drab and forest green beside us show themselves made of such stuff as taught us a new wonder for the land that could breed them. There were some of us who had to set forth from our own front gate and journey all the way to the Marne to discover America.

We of this generation had come to take our country for granted. We had come to take our liberty as a matter of course, like the air we breathed and the unfailing sun. It was not so with the generation that wrung the first homesteads from the wilderness. It was not so with the generation that conceived the nation in liberty and dedicated it to the proposition that all men are created equal. It was not so with the generation that fought a civil war to prove whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, could long endure. But we—we of the easy spring of 1917—were like the idle sons of some rich man, inheritors of a fortune which only he could value who had by toil and sacrifice amassed it. Now we have done more than inherit the treasure. We have earned it. We were children of a great estate. We have added to it.

And so, dear America, we write you from the Rhine. In the name of those who cannot return, in the name of the best of all, those who lie beside the Marne and the Ourcq and the Vesle and the Aire and the Meuse, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The American soldier send you his love.

A. E. F.

RIBBONS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The most interesting article in THE STARS AND STRIPES this week (November 29) was hidden away on some inside page—I mean that one dealing with the fourragere.

Those of us who have waited for something official on the matter before decorating ourselves have had a good laugh on many a too-previous officer who, on the basis of a report, has been sporting around a fourragere.

While in Paris a week or so ago I met one officer who should have been awarded the "brown derby"—he wore the fourragere of the Legion of Honor, and the largest one he could find. Were it not for the fact that the Frenchmen thought he had put it on as a part of the big celebration, he probably would have been mobbed.

But to get to the point—in explaining the fourragere dud, why not attack all the atrocities now seen wherever there is a leave center or hospital, though *never on the line*? The "Marne ribbon," the "Château-Thierry ribbon," the "Argonne ribbon," the "Saint Mihiel ribbon" are now to be seen decorating the manly chests of those who have heard, or seen some one who heard, or heard of some one who had seen some one, that there was such a ribbon.

I stopped an enlisted man the other day to ask what the ribbon was he was wearing. Answer: He had seen an officer from his regiment wearing it, and the officer said it was given to those troops who fought in the Argonne Forest. I didn't have the heart to tell him he was wearing the French Madagascar service ribbon.

It was two weeks ago that I left my division on the front. Arriving here, I found two officers from my regiment who had not been with it for at least seven weeks strutting about with a fourragere, the "Marne ribbon" and the "Argonne ribbon." They were highly indignant when I said that our division had received none of the aforesaid decorations.

R. L. B.

ANOTHER ENTRY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I refrained from accepting Ensign Fred Anderson's challenge through modesty, as I have already attained sufficient fame in the culinary world, but the exploits as recounted by Clarence D. Brooks, Air Service (what temperature?) and his aspirations to the laurels for quantity hot cake baking brings back old-time triumphs to my memory, and in justice to my supporters and by their request, I will briefly outline my record hot cake days, and allow the contenders for the Croix de Chow to decide if I may enter.

The record output of which I speak occurred in Luna City, the motion picture center of the world and several hours' ride from Los Angeles, in the outskirts of that city's business district. The greatest production in history was being filmed. Chicago's Loop at lunch hour looked like a deserted village in comparison with the crowd working for one director, and when you learn that 783 cameras were in action at once you may know that business was not slumping in the kitchen.

This multitude was fed in one hall, from one kitchen, under the management of one chef, who directed the preparation of the food from his office at Avalon, several miles away. His desk resembled a train dispatcher's sheet, and his 10 telegraphers were busy every second, such was the volume of the menu. Nineteen hundred and eleven head cooks, who had seven second cooks each, who in turn had helpers, worked the range. It was four miles long and consumed 90 barrels of oil to warm the plates alone, while six oil wells kept it going meal times. I would like to relate some of the dinners we served, but this is about hot cakes.

As it was my own invention, I was put in charge. Each morning when the ferry boat in the studio back of the pyramids blew its whistle, the range was cleared for action. The grease was applied by a street sprinkler suspended on overhead rails. The batter was dropped at the proper intervals by an automatic sprinkler system remodeled by myself for this purpose. Six turbine engines forced the mixture through the pipes, and one turn of the operating lever started 20,000 hot cakes baking at once. These I turned by my own turners, modeled after a gang plow, and which I guided up and down the range by hand, I being suspended by a trolley wire in a basket. The number I turned out each morning may be imagined when I tell you that the salt alone used in the batter often ran over three tons.

The only condition to the contest that I would suggest is that the contest be held at sea level, as the air is less rarified there.

J. Gorman Strasler, F.A.

TACTLESS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I will relate here in as few words as possible an incident that occurred to me while walking down the main street of Tours.

In passing a second lieutenant of the Military Police, I was immediately pulled from the sidewalk and shoved into the street in a file of marching men by an M.P. that walked behind the lieutenant. We were directed down a side street and into a courtyard, whereupon the lieutenant gave a lecture on military courtesy, and instructed an M.P. to take names and numbers.

I stepped up to the lieutenant and said: "Sir, I cannot salute, for my arm is stiff from a wound."

Thereupon he said: "Well, I cannot help that. I did not know you could not salute when I arrested you."

Where does this officer get his authority to arrest men, humiliate and insult them by having them pulled off the sidewalk, shoved into the street and marched through the main street of the town as if guilty of a crime, when he does not know whether the men can salute, for the patients of two hospitals close to Tours frequent the town on pass, and many of them, by reason of wounds, have had arms rendered incapable of saluting?

A Doughboy.

TELLING NO LIES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The following is a conversation that took place a few weeks ago at the front. We had, a short while before, listened to most explicit instructions that we were on no account to give any information as to outfit, destination, etc., while on the road. It was one of those inky dark nights that make a black cat look like a shining beacon light and we halted for a few moments outside the munition dump. About 20 of us were standing in a bunch when someone approached us and the following conversation took place:

Voice in the Dark: Are you going into the dump?

One of the Boys: No, we're out giving the horses an airing.

Voice in the Dark: Don't get fresh, now; who is your commanding officer?

Answer: We haven't got any.

Voice in the Dark: How many caissons have you got?

Answer: Lots of them.

Voice (getting excited): You are addressing an officer. What outfit is this?

Answer: Horse section of the Aviation Corps.

Voice (very angry): Horse section of the Avia—, blankety blank blank. What in— do you mean?

Answer: Well, we're always going up somewhere.

Voice (trembling with indignation): Who in — are you?

Answer: I be the mess sergeant. Who be you?

Sounds of retreating footsteps and someone making remarks not exactly suitable for publication in a newspaper intended for home consumption.

Roy B. Miner, Captain, Am. Tr.

WHO HAS MORE?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I notice in your issue of November 8 that the Stevedores at Base Section No. 2 are claiming championship honors for the large accounts of money deposited and sent home to relatives. If some of those Stevedores would visit Base Section No. 5 and look over the official records of the different companies there, they would go back satisfied that the interest on deposits at Base Section No. 5 will almost equal the amounts of money deposited at Base Section No. 2.

The 849th Company, formerly Company I, Stevedores, has a deposit of $11,481 at the present date, with a company strength of 186 men, as the company has been assigned 58 recruits with pay due from enlistment. As the C.O. of the company, I would be pleased to have any of the officers or men of Base Section No. 2 call on me and get pointers, especially after the new men are paid off.

This company is the proud godfather of a French orphan baby, aged 7, Odette Breton by name, and is now about to present her with a handsome Christmas present, as all of our money is not deposited.

John Deavy, Capt., U.S.A.